

And euen these three dayes haue I watcht,  
If I could see them. Now doe thou watch,  
For I can stay no longer.  
If thou spy'st any, runne and bring me word,  
And thou shalt finde me at the Gouernors. *Exit.*  
*Boy.* Father, I warrant you, take you no care,  
He neuer trouble you, if I may spye them. *Exit.*

*Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the Turrets,  
with others.*

*Salib.* Talbot, my life, my ioy, againe return'd?  
How wert thou handled, being Prisoner?  
Or by what meanes got's thou to be releas'd?  
Discomfite I prethee on this Turrets top.

*Talbot.* The Earle of Bedford had a Prisoner,  
Call'd the braue Lord Ponton de Santrayle,  
For him was I exchang'd, and ransom'd,  
But with a baser man of Armes by farre,  
Once in contempt they would haue barter'd me:  
Which I disdain'd, scorn'd, and craued death,  
Rather then I would be so pil'd ekeem'd:  
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.

But O, the trecherous *Falstaffe* wounds my heart,  
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,  
If I now had him brought into my power.

*Salib.* Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert enter-  
tain'd.

*Tal.* With scoffes and scornes, and contumelious taunts,  
In open Market-place produc't they me,  
To be a publique spectacle to all:  
Here, sayd they, is the Terror of the French,  
The Scar-Crow that affrights our Children so.  
Then broke I from the Officers that led me,  
And with my nayles digg'd stones out of the ground,  
To hurle at the beholders of my shame.  
My grisly countenance made others flye,  
None durst come neere, for feare of suddaine death.  
In Iron Walls they deem'd me not secure:  
So great feare of my Name 'mongst them were spread,  
That they suppos'd I could rend Barres of Steele,  
And spurne in pieces Posts of Adamant.  
Wherefore a guard of chosen Shot I had,  
That walkt about me euery Minute while:  
And if I did but stirre out of my Bed,  
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

*Enter the Boy with a Linstock.*

*Salib.* I grieue to heare what torments you endur'd,  
But we will be reueng'd sufficiently.  
Now it is Supper time in Orleans:  
Here, through this Gate, I count each one,  
And view the Frenchmen how they fortifie:  
Let vs looke in, the fight will much delight thee:  
Sir Thomas Gargraue, and Sir William Glansdale,  
Let me haue your expresse opinions,  
Where is best place to make our Batt'ry next?

*Gargraue.* I thinke at the North Gate, for there stands  
Lords.

*Glansdale.* And I heere, at the Bulwarke of the  
Bridge.

*Tal.* For ought I see, this Citie must be famisht,  
Or with light Skirmishes enfeebled. *Here they shoot, and  
Salisbury falls downe.*

*Salib.* O Lord haue mercy on vs, wretched sinners.

*Gargraue.* O Lord haue mercy on me, wofull man.

*Tal.* What chance is this, that suddenly hath crost vs?  
Speake Salisbury; at least, if thou canst, speake:

How far'st thou, Mirror of all Martiall men?  
One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheekes side struck off?  
Accursed Tower, accursed farall Hand,  
That hath contriu'd this wofull Tragedie.  
In thirteene Battails, Salisbury o'recame:  
Henry the Fifth he first trayn'd to the Warres.  
Whil'st any Trumpe did sound, or Drum struck vp,  
His Sword did ne're leaue striking in the field.  
Yet liu'st thou Salisbury? though thy speech doth fayle,  
One Eye thou hast to looke to Heauen for grace.  
The Sunne with one Eye vieweth all the World,  
Heauen be thou gracious to none aliue,  
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands.

Beare hence his Body, I will helpe to bury it.

*Sir Thomas Gargraue,* hast thou any life?

Speake vnto Talbot, nay, looke vp to him.

Salisbury cheare thy Spirit with this comfort,

Thou shalt not dye whiles----

He beckens with his hand, and smiles on me:

As who should say, When I am dead and gone,

Remember to auenge me on the French.

*Plantagenet* I will, and like thee,

Play on the Lute, beholding the Townes burne:

Wretched shall France be onely in my Name.

*Here an Alarum, and it Thunders and Lightens.*

What stirre is this? what tumult's in the Heauens?

Whence commeth this Alarum, and the noyse?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My Lord, the French haue gather'd head.

The Dolphin, with one *Ioane de Puzel* ioynd,

A holy Prophetesse, new risen vp,

Is come with a great Power, to rayse the Siege.

*Here Salisbury listeth himselfe vp, and groanes.*

*Tal.* Heare, heare, how dying Salisbury doth groane,

It irkes his heart he cannot be reueng'd.

Frenchmen, Ile be a Salisbury to you.

*Puzel* or *Pussel*, Dolphin or Dog-fish,

Your hearts Ile stampe out with my Horses heeles,

And make a Quagmire of your mingled braines.

Conuey me Salisbury into his Tent,

And then wee'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

*Alarum. Exeunt.*

*Here an Alarum againe, and Talbot pursueth the Dolphin,  
and drineth him: Then enter Ioane de Puzel,  
drining Englishmen before her.*

*Then enter Talbot.*

*Tal.* Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?

Our English Troupes retyre, I cannot stay them,

A Woman clad in Armour chafeth them.

*Enter Puzel.*

Here, here shee comes. Ile haue a bowt with thee:

Deuill, or Deuils Dam, Ile coniure thee:

Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch,

And straightway giue thy Soule to him thou seru'st.

*Puzel.* Come, come, 'tis onely I that must disgrace  
thee.

*Here they fight.*

*Tal.* Heauens, can you suffer Hell so to preuaile?

My brest Ile burst with straining of my courage,

And from my shoulders crack my Armes asunder,

But I will chastise this high-minded Strumpet.

*They fight againe.*

*Puzel.* Talbot farwell, thy houre is not yet come,

I must goe Victuall Orleans forthwith:

*A short Alarum: then enter the Towne  
with Souldiers.*

*O're-*

## Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

*Enter a Sergeant of a Band, with two Sentinels.*

*Ser.* Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:

If any noyse or Souldier you perceiue

Neere to the walles, by some apparant signe

Let vs haue knowledge at the Court of Guard.

*Sent.* Sergeant you shall. Thus are poore Seruitors

(When others sleepe vpon their quiet beds)

Constrain'd to watch in darknesse, raine, and cold.

*Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with scaling*

*Ladders: Their Drummes beating a*

*Dead March.*

*Tal.* Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,

By whose approach, the Regions of Artoys,

Wallon, and Picardy, are friends to vs:

This happy night, the Frenchmen are secure,

Hauiing all day carows'd and banquetted,

Embrace we then this opportunitie,

As fitting best to quittance their deceite,

Contriu'd by Art, and balefull Sorcerie.

*Bed.* Coward of France, how much he wrongs his fame,

Dispaire of his owne armes fortitude,

To ioyne with Witches, and the helpe of Hell.

*Bur.* Traitors haue neuer other company.

But what's that *Puzel* whom they rearme so pure?

*Tal.* A Maid, they say.

*Bed.* A Maid? And be so martiall?

*Bur.* Pray God she prone not masculine ere long:

If vnderneath the Standard of the French

She carry Armour, as she hath begun.

*Tal.* Well, let them practise and conuerse with spirits.

God is our Fortresse, in whose conquering name

Let vs resolute to scale their flinty bulwarkes.

*Bed.* Ascend braue Talbot, we will follow thee.

*Tal.* Not altogether: Better farre I guesse,

That we do make our entrance seuerall wayes:

That if it chance the one of vs do faile,

The other yet may rise against their force.

*Bed.* Agreed: Ile to yond corner.

*Bur.* And I to this.

*Tal.* And heere will Talbot mount, or make his graue.

Now Salisbury, for thee and for the right

Of English Henry, shall this night appeare

How much in duty, I am bound to both.

*Sent.* Arme, arme, the enemy doth make assault.

*Cry, St. George, A Talbot.*

*The French leape ore the walles in their shirts. Enter*

*seuerall wayes, Bastard, Alanfon, Reignier,*

*halfe ready, and halfe vnready.*

*Alan.* How now my Lords? what all vnreadie so?

*Bast.* Vnready? I and glad we scap'd so well.

*Reig.* 'Twas time (I trow) to wake and leaue our beds,

Hearing Alarums at our Chamber doores.

*Alan.* Of all exploits since first I follow'd Armes,

Nere heard I of a warlike enterprize

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